

What I Believe

by Crystallion12

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Summary: When rumours of a deadly, vicious and undocumented species of dragon, attacking villages and taking lives, reaches the ears of Hiccup and Toothless, the regular visit to Outcast Island suddenly turns into something else. And that something else isn't that good. In fact, it might just be the cause of their deaths. [Set Pre-Httyd 2. Rated T for violence and gore in later chapters.]

1. Chapter 1- Get Away From Life

What I Believe

****A HttyD Fanfiction****

****Rating: ****

****T [for blood & gore and some violence in later chapters. Also, death.]****

****Genre: ****

****Mystery / General****

****Summary: ****

****When rumours of a deadly, vicious and undocumented species of dragon attacking villages reaches the ears of Hiccup and Toothless, the regular visit to Outcast Island suddenly turns into something else. And that something else isn't that good. In fact, it might just be the cause of their deaths.****

****CONTENT WARNING:****

****Aspects like violence, blood and gore, and death, will be present in later chapters.****

****DISCLAIMER: ****

****I DO NOT OWN HOW TO TRAIN YOUR
DRAGON.****

****Previously...****

**_-THERE IS NO PREVIOUSLY, IT'S CALLED FIRST CHAPTER FOR A
REASON._-**

****CHAPTER ONE: Get Away From Life****

Stoick groaned; it was way past noon. Seriously, if his son didn't stop flying off every chance he had, he might just have to put a leash on the kid.

Behind the Chief, a Rumblehorn stepped forward, growling in question.

Skullcrusher's rider sighed, patting the dragon's thick neck. "Hiccup again." He said, and that was enough information. The Rumblehorn snorted, rolling its eyes and focusing them onto the clear blue skies. It certainly wasn't the first time the kid had annoyed his rider. Sometimes, it was amusing, others... Not so much.

Eventually, the man just turned around and went back into the new and improved Forge, work calling once more. The dragon moved closer to the building to be near his rider, should the unexpected happen, but was generally bored.

He looked to the skies, considering taking a flight. Maybe he'd even find his rider's son. Huh. That would be funny. The boy's father couldn't find him, his dragon, no problem.

Swishing his long tail around, he laid down by the wall of the building, setting his head down. He draped his tail over his snout, eyes unmoving. He grunted; he was going to be here a while...

...Wasn't he?

oOo-O-o-oOo-o-O-oOo

Hiccup swallowed, crouching low to the saddle. He was not looking forward to seeing his Dad. They flew above the cloud cover, heading back to Berk after their flight, that lasted exceptionally long, thanks to his stupidity.

All too soon, they arrived. "Land in the plaza, Bud." He instructed. "I'm not ready to face him yet... I need to clear my head a bit." Toothless nodded, gliding down to the clearing, landing neatly.

Hiccup frowned, stopping mid-getting off Toothless.

Silence reigned, and that was concerning. He looked around, seeing doors hanging wide open, as if the residents had rushed out. It was strange anywhere, but on Berk, usually everything was locked up tight at this hour, thanks to the cold nights they experienced.

Speaking of which, it was freezing out, even with his protective leather armour.

"Come on Bud... Let's see what's up."

They walked through at a fast stride, heading for the Great Hall- it was as good a place to start than any. He could hear some activity in there, so that was good, right?

He pushed open the already slightly open doors, and immediately, all eyes fell on him.

The heir stared. Most of the village was in here, all gathered around the table looking worried. As soon as he walked in, though, everyone pretty much slumped and collapsed with relief, a few groans escaping the crowd.

He coughed, clearing his throat, scratching the back of his neck. "Should I know what's going on?" The young man asked, as Toothless walked inside, growling in confusion.

Gobber's voice rose from the thick mass of vikings, and he soon saw the Blacksmith, relief flooded over his features. "Oh, thank Thor..." He whispered, as his friends and girlfriend emerged from the crowd too.

Fishlegs was the first to speak up. "We were so worried!" He cried.

He was soon joined by the others, their dragons eventually appearing beside them.

Hiccup inwardly groaned; he had been gone for an extra _two hours_ after his return time! And his father had been organising search parties?!

Oh, his day just turned downhill. Really. Fast. Record time.

Gobber looked at him. "He's in your 'ouse. Frettin' about nothin'." Gobber said quickly, and he sighed, turning heel. Toothless followed him, as the rider made his way over to the Haddock Household. Behind him and his dragon, the village were returning to their own homes, for most of them, their dragons closely following, steadfast and loyal as always.

He didn't even knock on the door, he just pushed it open, bracing himself.

Stoick was about to give him another long, over-protective father talk about curfews that he didn't need any more, wasn't he?

oOo-O-o-oOo-o-O-oOo

"DAD! I'm _TWENTY_ years old!" Hiccup snapped, pacing back and forth. His father stood in the centre of the room, fuming.

"I _know_ that, Hiccup! But the night time world is dangerous!"

The Dragon Rider glared at him. "Uh huh. And, with me I have an

over-protective Night Fury, the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself!" He paused to breathe. "Dad, we can take care of ourselves now! Why can't you understand that?" His chest hurt with anger and breathlessness. "Don't you trust me any more?"

"I DO TRUST YOU!" He father shouted. The heir slightly reared back, shocked by the Chief's outburst... This hadn't happened in years. "BUT THERE'S A KILLER DRAGON ON THE LOOSE!"

Hiccup blinked. "What?" He asked, and his father stopped.

"...You didn't... Hear?"

The young man shook his head. He hadn't heard any of this.

"Apparently," Stoick started, "There's an undocumented dragon roaming around the Archipelago as of late. It's been raiding villages-" Hiccup's eyes widened.

"On it's own? It's been attacking them just like that?" Stoick nodded.

"-As I was saying- Raiding villages. Attacking the residents, burning houses, stealing and pillaging. It's been chaos. It's even taken a few lives..." The man looked at his son, who was silent. "It comes at night... And you weren't back... I feared it had also taken yours." Stoick softly spoke.

The Chief couldn't help but shudder.

Just thinking of the words 'taken lives' and 'his son' put together was terrifying.

The adolescent stepped forward, eyes flickering in different directions, his mind at a loss for words.

Hiccup was silent as father embraced son, understanding welding between them.

"I'm sorry... I shouldn't have yelled at you like that..." Stoick whispered, burying his nose in his child's auburn hair, the strong emotions from the previous conversation left behind. "I was just so scared... I heard that the drag'n was reported to be in the area... And you weren't home..."

"I know... I wouldn't have stayed away if I had known, Dad..." Hiccup murmured. "I'm sorry too... But can I breathe... Please?"

His father let him go, sighing. "You're probably exhausted."

As if on cue, Hiccup yawned, blinking blearily. Stoick chuckled. "Knew it. Are you hungry at all?" He asked. The heir shook his head, as Toothless got up from his place beside Skullcrusher at the hearth. Cooing, he nuzzled his human father, bounding up the stairs to his and Hiccup's room.

"In a minute, Bud. You go on-" He yawned again, "-I'll be right there." Hiccup told the Night Fury, who dipped his head and entered, leaving the door slightly open.

Hiccup walked over to pet his father's Rumblehorn, wishing the big dragon goodnight.

"Are you sure there isn't anything else you need?" His father asked worriedly. He was still shaken up by the fact his son might not be here, and the poor lad wouldn't have even known his death awaited. The Night Fury's rider turned back to his father, nodding.

"It's all good," He informed the viking. "I just need to sleep. 29 hours straight of flying does that to you, unfortunately."

He walked up to his father, finding his way into the man's arms once more. "Good night, Dad." He closed his eyes with another yawn. "I love you..." He murmured.

"I love you too, Son..." Stoick stopped. Then, with a tint of amusement in his eyes, he felt his child fall limp in his arms, right on the spot. It was almost comical- Hiccup must have been exceptionally tired to have literally fallen asleep in his father's arms, right there and then.

Carrying him up to his room, he gently tucked Hiccup into his bed. This certainly wasn't the first time he had done this, but the feelings of love and adoration still remained strong as ever. Toothless was already asleep, but then again, he had been the one flying for 29 hours straight.

"Good night, Son..." He whispered, planting a kiss on his child's forehead. "I love you."

He walked out the room, closing the door behind him, with a sigh and smile. But little did the Chief know, that he wouldn't find them in that room the following morning...

oOo-O-o-oOo-o-O-oOo

**A/N: **

**Whoo. Now, that took a while. Especially considering how short it was... Although I think it was worth it. **

**So yeah, this sort of fits into the 'General' genre of this story. Some fluffy father-son bonding to kick us off. Something relatively light; the calm before the storm, if you will. **

**Well, that's all for now. The next chapter shouldn't be long, ok?
**

TOODLES!

~Crystallion12.

oOo-oOo-oOo

**ShoutOuts: **

No ShoutOuts, first chapter.

2. Chapter 2- Mornings with Dragons

What I Believe

****A HttyD Fanfiction****

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****T [for blood & gore and some violence in later chapters. Also, death.]****

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****Mystery / General****

****Summary: ****

****When rumours of a deadly, vicious and undocumented species of dragon attacking villages and taking lives, reaches the ears of Hiccup and Toothless, the regular visit to Outcast Island suddenly turns into something else. And that something else isn't that good. In fact, it might just be the cause of their deaths.****

****CONTENT WARNING:****

****Aspects like violence, blood and gore, and death, will be present in later chapters. Also... Fluffiness and Cuteness warning for other chapters. Be prepared. This one is freaking adorable. FEEL THE FLUFF!****

****DISCLAIMER: ****

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****Previously...****

"_Land in the plaza, Bud." Hiccup instructed. "I'm not ready to face him yet... I need to clear my head a bit." Walking into the Great Hall, the heir stared. Most of the village was in here, all gathered around the table looking worried._

_Gobber's voice rose from the thick mass of vikings-"Oh, thank Thor..." Later on, "Apparently," Stoick started, "There's an undocumented dragon roaming around the Archipelago as of late. It's been raiding and attacking villages." Hiccup's eyes widened.

—

"_You're probably exhausted." His father said."Good night, Dad." His father tucked him into his bed. "Good night, Son..." He whispered, planting a kiss on his child's forehead. "I love you." _

****CHAPTER TWO: Mornings with Dragons****

Hiccup woke to the familiar feeling of a wet, slobbery tongue dragging over the right side of his face, and as usual, he moaned.

Pushing away Toothless' snout, he settled back in. However, he was met with a rather violent push to the back. Groaning, he rolled onto his back (with considerable effort) and opened his eyes to glare at

his dragon. Toothless merely snorted, nudging his arm again, and bounding off somewhere.

Yawning, he pushed himself up on the bed, turning over as the sheets fell to his waist.

He shivered, his chest bare, watching as his dragon grabbed something off the desk across the room. The heir turned his head on side, trying to see what the overgrown lizard was doing, but his size blocked the rider's view.

"Bud?" As the words came out his mouth, Toothless looked over his shoulder at him, giving him a coo before diving his head back in.

A moment later, he turned back around, bounding happily back to him, holding a piece of paper in his mouth by the top.

Hiccup frowned, as Toothless dropped it in his lap with a proud look. He picked it up, completely cool with the slobber at the top. It was just a thing about living with dragons, and he couldn't care less; he loved Toothless, and found that being mad at the dragon was near impossible.

At the end of his bed, Sharpshot lay, one eye creaked open to watch them. Hiccup read the note, and groaned, dragging one hand over his face.

"Ugh," he said. "How could I forget?" Sharpshot yawned, standing up lazily, and stumbling over to his trainer, crawling into the rider's lap to look at the piece of paper. He chirped up at Hiccup, standing on his hind legs to lick the man's chin. Hiccup chuckled, wrapping one arm around him and scratching his back affectionately.

He lowered his head to look at Sharpshot. "Every year," He explained, "Me and Toothless go to Outcast Island, and spend a week there of celebration."

"It's to honour our peace treaty, the dragons, and what we've done for them over the years." He turned to his faithful Night Fury, rubbing the dragon behind his ear appendages. Toothless purred. "Thanks for reminding me, Bud. I would have forgotten otherwise." He looked down at Sharpshot scratching the little dragon under his chin. "Say, do you want to come with us?"

Sharpshot yapped like a little dog, nuzzling Hiccup's chest in pleasure. The young man laughed, wrapping an arm around the dragon and stroking his neck.

Toothless cooed, nuzzling Sharpshot happily. The more, the merrier!

"Ok then... Could you go get some fish for Toothless on the way? Just a few salmon will do." The Terrible Terror nodded, spreading his wings and flying out the window.

Hiccup stretched, standing up and opening his closet. He threw a random shirt on, and got into his flight suit. Grabbing his dragon's saddle off the hook on the wall, he strided over to his dragon, strapping it on. He grabbed out his three saddlebags, clipping them on, and proceeded to strap on the travel blanket to the back of

Toothless' saddle.

By the time they were both geared up, Sharpshot had returned, carrying a bucket of fish. He gave two to Toothless, and one to the Terror, packing the other three in one saddlebag. Sharpshot dropped a canteen in his hands, and Hiccup smiled gratefully. Clever little Terror, the adolescent thought as he scratched the dragon's head lovingly. He packed the canteen away, and went over to grab some spare clothes and his map.

When he got back, he nearly laughed. Sharpshot was sitting in one of the saddlebags, wagging his tail in the air and panting cutely. Toothless chortled heartily at the sight, and Hiccup laughed before taking him out in his arms.

"Your so silly- wait here." He rubbed the dragon's head playfully, and gently set him down on top of the saddle.

He grabbed out a scarf, and in a hilariously adorable moment, wrapped it around Sharpshot's neck. The dragon looked at it, not quite sure what to do, as both rider and Night Fury burst into laughter. Sharpshot didn't seem to get the message, shrugging and sitting back down patiently.

After a few more minutes, they were ready to go. Hiccup checked off each item on a list (his father had drilled it into him as a safety precaution, despite his complaints) that he had made up a few weeks ago, and Toothless almost managed to sneak a extra fish. "No, Bud." Hiccup had said, much to his disappointment. "We'll break for breakfast along the way."

Hiccup swung himself into the saddle, clicking his leg into place. Sharpshot crawled onto his lap, trailing the oversized scarf.

Before they set off, Hiccup pulled something out a saddlebag, clipping one end onto some a small ring, one of two, on the saddle's front. He gently picked up his Terrible Terror, seating the little dragon above it. Grabbing the strip of leather connected to the saddle, he pulled it across, using one hand to lift up Sharpshot's torso, pulling the strip behind the dragon and connecting it. Sharpshot sat back down again, growling in confusion.

"It's a safety belt... You know... Because Toothless can get pretty fast." The Night Fury rolled his eyes, spreading his wings and leaping out the window, as Sharpshot started begging for more attention.

He could not believe that his rider suggested bringing a chatty Terrible Terror along.

****oOo-O-o-oOo-o-O-oOo****

It had been only a hour and a half since they left Berk, and already, Toothless was regretting allowing that pesky Terrible Terror come along.

TOOTHLESS. WAS. JEALOUS.

On normal occasion, he wouldn't admit such feelings, but right now, even he couldn't deny it. Being right in front of Hiccup, and not

concentrating on flying, Sharpshot was able to get all the cuddles and scratches he wanted, all the jokes, everything. Hiccup had told him a few as well, but he was so freaking jealous he couldn't bring himself to laugh!

He grumbled in his throat, trying to ignore his rider's uncontrollable chuckles.

Ugh. He thought, looking at the ocean beneath him as if he could take all his rage out on it without anyone caring._ As soon as we land, I've got to find a reason to get this tiny lizard off my back_. The Night Fury even considered throwing the Terror in a river and leaving him to drown, but...

That was way too far.

Never mind, it was downright murder, and even worse, Hiccup would be heart broken, and would hate him until the day he died.

Pounding his wings stronger, he focused all his thoughts on flying.

Maybe he'd forget Sharpshot was even there...

"Bud?" His rider suddenly asked. Ecstatic he was getting his rider's attention, he immediately cooed, raising his neck to look at him. "You don't think we'll encounter that... Dragon... That Dad warned us about last night, do you?"

Oh.

He hadn't thought of that.

Toothless pondered on a response for a minute, before he shook his black head, deciding that it would be odd for a nocturnal dragon to attack another night dragon, a Night Fury none the less, during broad daylight- unless, of course, this dragon didn't give any actual shits about either factors...

Knowing the other times they'd encountered situations such as these, it was usually the latter, as everything with them had to be worst case scenario...

Hey.

Toothless was trying to be positive here!

oOo-O-o-oOo-o-O-oOo

**A/N: **

**I am _literally_ going to copy and paste what I said in my other recently updated fanfiction. **

**POLL: **

There is a new Poll on my page- if you haven't already, please check it out. It'd mean a lot to me. :D

****'THIS IS WAR' Part One Finale, Hiatus:****

****For those who read my leading fanfiction, 'This Is War' Chapter 26 is up, and it is the finale of the first part of the story, 'A New Beginning'. ****

****To allow other stories, such as this one, to stand out and shine a bit more, I have decided to take a break from TIW, just for two, or three weeks or so, before Part Two, 'Over The Years', AKA Chapter 26, goes up- before the Hiatus starts, a Epilogue containing bits and pieces from some chapters of Part Two will go up. Thank you for your time. ****

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XD****

****Crystallion12.****

****oOo-oOo-oOo****

****ShoutOuts: ****

****midnightsky0612-****

Thanks! I'm simply amazed by how you check out pretty much all my fanfics! I have nothing to give you but hugs and props, buddy. Thanks for the review! ;)

****TheWindwalker-****

Wowzas, your words hit my heart hard. Thanks so much! It's great to see an overall review and opinion on a chapter for once- (not complaining, I love every single review) on both plot and writing. Sorry if this chapter was a bit bland, but later on... Ooh boy. Gonna get dark! And Odin's ghost, the seriousness... Rated T for a reason, ya know. :D Thanks for the review!

****Brenne-****

Well, I hope this wasn't too boring of a chapter. Don't worry, this is merely the calm before the storm- AKA, the drama will be like, BAM, in your face, THAT JUST HAPPENED OUT OF NO WHERE. XD Thx for the review!

****EVERYONE! I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT
ANNOUNCEMENT...****

â€|...****

â€|...****

â€|...â€|.FREE HUGSSSSSSS!****

****DRAGONITES UNITE!****

End
file.